

Farm Wood Lots Necessary

Crop of Timber May be Grown from Seeds.
National Government Does Big Work

By E. C. Pegg, Forestry Department, College of Agriculture, University of Missouri

Timber lands are being depleted. The people of the United States are using more than three and one-half times as much timber as is grown. It is evident that, sooner or later, provision must be made to grow more timber.

The national government owns and through the forest service controls 160 national forests averaging more than 1,000,000 acres each. This is less than one-third of the forest land owned by private individuals. The government forests contain about one-fourth the timber now standing. It is estimated that 15,000,000 acres of these forests are at present unproductive, although they are capable of producing tree growth.

Approximately one-half of the area now unproductive will be reforested naturally if properly protected from fire. The other half, however, must be artificially restocked. Such is the problem confronting the forest service. It is necessary that it be solved in order that private owners may profit by the results and experience of the government when they finally come to realize that they, too, must do their share of artificial reforestation to

growing which will yield the greatest returns. Timber is a crop, the same as corn, wheat or oats, but is harvested after a long period of years. All land will not produce agricultural crops, and some of it now used for this purpose will yield greater returns if trees are grown on it. Besides, a wood lot is indispensable to a farm. Should not the farmer now begin forest planting on a small scale similar to that which the government has been and is doing?

Why is a wood lot desirable on a farm? In the first place, farmers use a great deal of wood in some form or other. A wood lot will furnish fence posts in a very few years, and some large-sized material may be produced if a few selected trees are left for a few more years after the bulk of the crop is cut. Wood will always remain the chief source of fuel.

In many sections of the country natural gas replaced cordwood until it gave out. Coal is now largely used, but will not last forever. Oil cannot be substituted. Secondly, there are indirect benefits. If the location is favorable a wood lot will act as a windbreak for orchards and buildings



Cultivating a small plantation of young hardwoods.

maintain our timber supply. Just how is it to be done?

This is the way the forest service goes to work. First of all, the entire field force is asked each summer to report on the seed crop. Then, when the seeds ripen, field parties are sent out to gather them.

Squirrels Help in the Work.
Most of the seeds collected are of cone-bearing species, seeds greatly desired by squirrels. It is cheaper to collect cones from squirrel hoards or from trees on logged-off areas because of the ease of gathering. As a usual thing, the areas collected are far from railroads, so the cones are spread out in the sun to "cure," or, if it will not take too much time, they are packed and hauled out and shipped to a seed-extracting plant. Here the cones are dried in racks. Many seeds fall out as the cones open up. The remainder are removed by flailing the cones and putting them in revolving screens. The seeds are then stored until needed.

Some time before the planting season begins the areas to be restocked are selected and the methods of regeneration determined. A great deal of work has been by direct seeding—sowing a few seeds in carefully prepared seed spots or sowing them broadcast either on snow or on soil somewhat roughly cultivated. In 1910 23,000 acres were seeded in this manner. During the same year 2,000 acres were planted with seedlings grown in nurseries owned and managed by the government.

Timber is a Crop as Much as Corn.
Land should be used for forest

HOGS HARVEST CORN WELL

By F. S. Mumford, Dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Missouri.

The practice of hogging off corn is one that is meeting with much favor among pork producers. The scarcity of farm labor, the cost of harvesting and the further fact that it has been demonstrated that more pounds of pork may be produced from an acre of corn when harvested by the hogs themselves are good reasons for the growing popularity of such a practice. Nor must the importance of pasturing off the crop on the ground and thus returning to the soil the greatest amount of fertility be overlooked in discussing the merits of pasturing off corn with hogs.

Another fact which makes corn as a crop to be hogged down of importance to the man who plans forage

Hospital Has Unknown Benefactor.
A gift of \$10,000 from unknown sources was made to one of the great London hospitals a few days ago. The hospital received an anonymous brown-paper parcel, heavily sealed, and giving forth a curious rustling sound when handled. When it was opened out poured a flood of crisp Bank of England notes. The notes, when counted, totaled the handsome sum of £10,000.

Fear Trouble After Spilling Salt.
In many of the rural districts of Russia people when they spill salt not only toss a pinch over the left shoulder, but also crawl under the table and come out the other side, in order to avert ill-luck; while in New England, to break the evil spell of spilling salt, every particle is supposed to be collected and thrown on the stove to be consumed.

Removing Grease.
Eucalyptus oil will remove grease or oil from any fabric, no matter how delicate, and best results are obtained by gently sponging the soiled parts.

POISONS GET IN FOOD

RESTAURANT KEEPERS SOME TIMES GIVEN SCARES.

Blunders Which Prove Costly to Producers of Establishments and Serious to Customers, Sometimes Resulting in Death.

If the proprietor of a restaurant ever has a nightmare, it is to the effect that some poisonous ingredient has accidentally found its way into a dish and that the papers are full of blood-curdling accounts of the sufferings and death of his clients.

About five years ago nearly a score of people were badly poisoned after dining in the restaurant of a well known West Central hotel in London, and although the source of the poison was never accurately traced—all that was discovered being that it was some form of ptomaine poisoning—yet to this day that restaurant has hardly recovered its former popularity.

More recently a blunder was made in a London fried fish shop. Engine oil, which is commonly used for frying fish. This mistake proved absolutely fatal to the business, and after a time the proprietor was forced to close his doors.

Oddly enough, a very similar incident has just come to light in another large town. On the morning of March 7 last a baker made the alarming discovery that the vegetable oil which he had used in making his fancy bread and pastry overnight had been delivered to him in a barrel which had been previously used for storing kerosene.

The moment he heard of the blunder he rushed off and engaged the services of six doctors and a dozen nurses. The carts were sent round the town to retrieve the bad bake, while the doctors gave their services free to any customers who had already partaken of the poisoned food.

Most readers will remember the arsenic-in-beer epidemic of 1902. This was the most extensive poisoning on record in England. It was four months before the authorities realized that the matter was, and by that time there were over a thousand cases in five counties, and 51 deaths had taken place.

The source of all the trouble was a minute quantity of arsenic in the beer supplied by a Manchester brewer. It was no fault of the firm, for analysis of the liquor showed that the arsenic originally came from glucose which had been made with impure sulphuric acid. It was the acid which contained the arsenic.

In the year following the great arsenic poisoning came the oyster scare. There were outbreaks of typhoid fever at Winchester and at Portsmouth. The fever was traced to oysters, and the result was that for some time oysters were almost unobtainable. One big oyster firm which had been paying \$750 a week in wages dropped to \$75 a week, and it is reckoned that the oyster merchants throughout the country must have lost at least \$500,000.

Given Under His Hand.

Uncle Luke sometimes had the job of accompanying visitors about one of the South Carolina cotton mills near Columbia. One day the party under his care came to a room where all the employees were men. "I see you don't employ any women here," said one woman in surprise. "Deed we ain't, ma'am," answered Luke, proudly. "Mr. Parker does order dat himself, ma'am—nothin' 'cept manual labor in dislayer room."—New York Evening Post.

German Dogs Aid to Police.

Since the supreme intelligence of the German shepherd dogs was brought to the notice of the police authorities in Berlin, 1,956 dogs have been attached to the department. Although there are so many of these dogs in Germany it is difficult to purchase a good one and an ordinary and not fully trained dog costs about \$200. There is also a feeling that it is somewhat unpatriotic to sell the best German dogs, since they are of great service to the police and the military.

In a Fir Tree.

In Seapooose, Ore., there is a windmill in a fir tree. The fir tree, which serves as a tower, was sawed off at a height of about 60 feet from the ground, and a well was sunk at the foot of the tree. A tank house was then attached to the side of the trunk some 40 feet above the ground, and a wind wheel was placed above, and the ingenious owner has a model mill for all practical purposes.

Sea Serpent Attacks Boat.

Another sea serpent has been discovered, according to the officers of the Grand Trunk Pacific steamship Prince Albert. It was encountered by Indians at Skidegate, and is stated to have been 20 feet in length. The monster got hold of one of their canoes, but was dispatched by one of the chiefs, who slashed it in two with a large hunting knife.—Vancouver (B. C.) World.

Co-Operation Among Animals.

Co-operation is almost universal in the animal world. Wolves often hunt in relays or in couples. When attacked, cattle and horses form a circle. Beavers always work in companies when building their dams.

A Failure.

First Small Boy—Is your sister any good at playing ball?
Second Small Boy—Naw. She can't throw anything but a fit, or catch anything but a beau.

Kindness.

"Why does Miss Screemidit always close her eyes when she sings?"
"Well, you know she is so tender hearted that she cannot bear to see anyone suffer."

For Passengers' Complaints.

At the railway stations in Russia books are kept wherein passengers may enter any complaint they wish to make.

MEANS SAVING OF MILLIONS

Utilization of What Formerly Has Been Waste Adds to Wealth of the World.

In these progressive days, when up-to-date manufacturers consider from an economic point of view the utilization of everything possible in their raw materials, it is interesting to know the value of some of these in the shape of dust which was formerly wasted, but is now utilized.

A notable instance may be quoted in the shape of fine dust in the manufacture of pig iron. This dust is blown by the blast furnaces into the flues by the fierce blast necessary to generate the heat to manufacture the pig iron, and is composed of iron ore, limestone, coke, etc.; in fact, the same ingredients as make the iron. Hitherto, although thousands of tons of this have been available and known to be of value, it has been a waste product and dumped in heaps owing to the difficulty of compressing it without a binder, but there has been discovered, within the last year or so, a process of briquetting it, and the result is that approximately the discovery is worth \$10,500,000 yearly to the United States alone, as merchantable iron is now being made from such dust.

TELLS ANECDOTE OF POMBO

How Great South American Poet Told Distinguished Lady to Kiss Him.

Mr. Phanor J. Eder tells this anecdote of Pombo, the great South American poet, in a New York literary salon presided over by a distinguished Argentine lady. Pombo had been present to her, and she asked him, with much enthusiasm, who was the anonymous poetess, the famous Edda, the Bogotana.

"Do you really find these verses worth reading?" asked Pombo.

"Worth reading! Verses vibrating with the deepest passions of a woman's soul, so essentially feminine verses, too, exalting the mysticism, the adoration of a Santa Teresa! Oh, you men! Who among you could write such verses?"

"Well," said Pombo, "Edda is now in New York, and if you want to make her acquaintance—"

"Speak, man!" cried his hostess, impatiently. "Where does she live? What's her name? I'll see her tomorrow. I will cover her with kisses!"

"Then begin, senora!" said the ugly little Pombo. "I—I am Edda."

Once Upon a Time.

Once upon a time there lived and flourished in a small city a worthy man. He was devoted to his native place; he loved its streets and stones, its strange odors, its smoke, its high rates, its indifferent water supply, its clubs and cafes and everything about it. Nothing could induce him to leave it even for the briefest period. In vain did the railway companies spread their holiday arrangements before his eyes; he returned with the more satisfaction to his favorite seat overlooking the central square. And, then, one day, the king of that country, who was full of capricious impulses, issued a decree that no one in this little city should ever leave it again, under pain of fearful penalties. And immediately our friend began to be consumed with a longing for travel.—Punch.

What Worried the Boy.

Douglas Mallach, author and woodsman, tells this story of his little son Donald. The two were watching a moving picture melodrama and the hero had suffered severely in an explosion. One of the workmen dropped his shovel and lent a hand to carry the injured man to a place of safety. Donald appeared much troubled. His father asked the reason. "Oh, papa, they went away and forgot all about the shovel!"

Advice to Lovers.

Some one has given the following advice to bashful young men who wish to propose to their sweethearts: First select your night, then when you are seated in her parlor, you on one side of the room and she on the other, just hitch your chair toward her and she will hitch toward you until you can't get any higher. Then slip your arm round her waist and say, "Will you?" and she will waltz every time.

The New Way.

"What will we put in the magazine this month?"
"About forty pages concerning what we had last month."

"And forty more about what we will have next month."

"And then?"
"That ought to be enough for this month."—Washington Herald.

Unfailing.

"There is one sure law of retribution."
"What is that?"
"That crooked men generally end by finding themselves in straightened circumstances."

A Discourager.

"Why don't you work in your garden and get an appetite?"
"The appearance of the vegetables in my garden," replied Mr. Crosslots, "discourages an appetite."

Knew Him Too Well.

"You've met Burroughs, haven't you?"
"Yes."
"Do you know him well?"
"About \$40 worth."

Quite Different.

"What's your walk in life?"
"Ain't got no walk in life. I runs a bus line."

Mythology.

"What do you know about Ceres?"
"Do you mean de world's series?" asked the new kid in school.

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. LeClear's Health—Her Own Statement.

Detroit, Mich.—"I am glad to discover a remedy that relieves me from my suffering and pains. For two years I suffered bearing down pains and got all run down. I was under a nervous strain and could not sleep at night. I went to doctors here in the city but they did not do me any good."

"Seeing Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised, I tried it. My health improved wonderfully and I am now quite well again. No woman suffering from female ills will regret it if she takes this medicine."—Mrs. JAMES G. LECLEAR, 836 Hunt St., Detroit, Mich.

Another Case.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is all you claim it to be. About two or three days before my periods I would get bad headaches, then pains in right and left sides, and my head would ache. I called the doctor and he said I had organic inflammation. I went to him for a while but did not get well so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I was relieved and finally my troubles left me. I married and have two little girls. I have had no return of the old troubles."—Mrs. CHAS. BOELL, 2650 S. Chadwick St., Phila., Pa.

Hint for the Newly-Weds.

How many mothers instruct their daughters that they must try to love their husbands' relatives just as well as they love their own? Very few—and many will assert that no such instruction should be given; but some of us think that it ought. It is a safe thing to do—for the chances are 10,000 to one that no girl could ever go so far as that, try as faithfully as she might. But she can surely learn to love her husband's family, and she will add immensely to his comfort by so doing. Their "ways" are doubtless very different from hers. Sometimes they receive her with coldness and suspicion; but by practice and kindness and loving attention she can usually win them. It is her mother's part to teach her this patience and kindness before she is married. The art of being a good daughter-in-law is a noble one, and like all other arts it can, to a considerable extent, be taught.—Leslie's Weekly.

Value of a Lawyer's Talk.

A young lawyer was defending an old convict on the charge of burglary in a state where the court rules allow each side one hour to address the jury. The young lawyer, somewhat nervous, consulted a veteran member of the bar who happened to be standing near. "How much time do you think I should take up in addressing the jury?" he asked in a rather pompous manner. "Take the full hour," was the gruff reply. "The full hour? Why, I intended to take only 15 minutes." "Take the full hour," repeated the old lawyer. "But why?" "Because the longer you talk the longer you will keep your client out of jail."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not at All Satisfied.

"You know it is stated that a man's heart beats 92,160 times a day," said the young man.
"Every day?" asked the sweet young thing.
"Yes, every day."
"Well, if a young man's heart didn't beat more times than that the day he proposed marriage to me, I'd consider him a pretty cold proposition."—Yonker's Statesman.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Significant.

"I fear I have made a mistake."
"Why?"
"He proposed in a taxi-cab. The minute I accepted he paid the fare and we got out and walked!"—Answers.

His Way.

"What do you do about the result of your wife's cooking school lessons?"
"Being in the theatrical business, I try them on the dog."

Break up that cough. A single dose of Doan's Mucilagenous Cough Drops brings prompt relief—see at all Drug Stores.

The Case.

"Don't you think it is simply terrible for a man to beat his wife?"
"Not if he beats her to it."

Quite Safe.

"You say she trusts her husband?"
"Oh, yes. He can't afford to hire a stenographer."

Its Nature.

"What do you think of this taste for high balls?"
"It's low."

Fame depends upon the press agent rather than on achievements these days.

EDISON DENIES HE'S A GENIUS

Tells Reviser of Latin Bible "I'm Only Mechanic and Couldn't Do Your Work."

Thomas A. Edison listened intently at his home at Llewellyn Park, in Orange, N. J., as the Abbott Francis Gasquet, president of the English Benedictine Monks, unfolded to him the gigantic task in which the commission appointed by Pope Pius X., of which he is the head, is engaged in revising the Latin Bible.

The inventor, accounted an agnostic, had asked the abbott to dinner to hear of the work he has undertaken. When the abbott had finished telling of the tremendous scope of the task, involving as it does the minute analysis of ancient manuscripts wherever they may be found in Europe, Mr. Edison turned to him, saying:

"Father Gasquet, I want to tell you that I wouldn't like your job. It's more than I could do."
"But you, Mr. Edison, are the genius of the age," protested Abbott Gasquet. "My work does not compare with yours."
Oh," replied Mr. Edison, with a wave of the hand, "I am only a mechanic."

After dinner Abbott Gasquet, in the Edison library, heard operative arias. "I'm feeling like a boy," said Mr. Edison, when asked if he had fully recovered from his recent illness. "I'll never take another vacation."

JUST ADDING THE SEASONING

Why Bennie Reasoned He Had Just Come in Time to Save the Baby Brother.

Five-year-old Bennie, who, since the arrival of his baby brother three days before, had been on tip-toe for a sight of him, was at last admitted to the chamber.

As he entered the dim room, he saw behind a screen the pink body lying on the lap of the white-capped nurse, who, having just given it a bath, was shaking powder over it from a perforated box.

At the sight a look of horror overspread the chubby face of Bennie. Toddling to his mother's bedside, he whispered in awed tones:

"Det up, muvver, quick! Nurse is goin' to eat little bruvver; she's puttin' the salt on him now!"—New York Evening Post.

Next.

This contribution is very faulty in spots, but we give it as it was postcarded to us. We are fond of the contributor:

"In a sweet Ohio village, whose chief industry is tillage, I sought a barber shop to get my hair cut. I didn't find the hair man, but a note tacked on the chair ran: 'Lam the stovepipe if you want me. Charley Faircut.' So I hit the pipe and waited till a girl came in, who stated: 'Say, paw he's busy now in the barnyard. He's a workin' like a fool, clippin' off Hank Ramsey's mule. You're the next one; but I'll bet that you'll get darn tired.' Buck Danks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ancient Woo.

Methusalem was pessimistic. "Age doesn't help you any," he declared. "I now know 800 summer resorts where I don't want to go again."—New York Sun.

Beats the Sewing Circle.

Gibbs—I can't for the life of me see why women are taking such an interest in politics.
Bibbs—I can, when I think of the political scandals.

No Fine Distinctions.

"Our friend Bangs has quite a similar case of countenance, don't you think?"

"I think, if you want to know, that he has a downright monkey face."

Their Advantages.

"The humble walks of life are safe in one way."

"What is that?"

"There are no automobiles there."

WINCHESTER

"REPEATER"
Smokeless Powder Shells

These shells cost a little more than black powder loads, but for bird shooting they are worth many times the difference, as there is no smoke to hinder the second barrel. They are by far the best low priced smokeless load on the market. When you buy, insist upon having them.

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